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TRUTH, JUSTICE AND THE CONSTITUTION.

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BY L. D. STARKE.

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L. D. STARKE,
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POETRY.

Georgetown College.

BY CALLED LYON, OF LYONS, MISS.

Passing through the sacred halls
With burning golden grain,
I saw the angels' feet
And heard their voices again.

From the valley of the Past,
And Henry's winged cherubim,
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upon a land glory he there, too, sinks to rest,
but his last lingering beams are diligently
excluded from the gay ball-room—where
softened lights of every hue supply their
place. Radiant with beauty and splendor,
the thrilling strains of music swell the ex-
citement of the giddy waltz, until those
gay dancers appear—the impersonation of
happiness. A young man in a military
uniform, stands apart, leaning against a
pillar. The close fitting coat, buttoned to
the throat, displays his faultless figure to
advantage. Features almost effeminately
delicate are redeemed by his dignified bear-
ing. Many bright eyes are turned admi-
ringly upon him, but he seems entirely in-
different to admiration as he stands ab-
sorbed in a deep reverie.

Suddenly, amidst a buzz of admiration,
the crowd divides, and the royal party ad-
vance towards that part of the room where
the young man is standing, their waving
plumes and sparkling gowns adding mag-
nificence to the scene.

'Albert,' whispers a young and lovely
girl whose jeweled tresses are worth a prince's
ransom. 'Albert, I will now dance with
you; do not look so sad, come with our
party.' 'Your highness honors me,' is his
delighted reply. 'I am at your com-
mand,' and with pride in his heart and
triumph in his aspect, he leads her to the
dance, publishing to the assembled crowd
of envious courtiers the preference that the
fair princess bestows on him. The dance
being ended, warm and fatigued they
thread their way to the garden. The
hours have worn on, and the glorious sun-
set has given place to the serene moon-
light. Despite the triumph he has achieved,
there lies a load on Albert's heart. He
remembers an evening such as this, in a
land far away—a hand on his arm and
eyes that looked into his. But he exerts
his self-control, shakes off the vision and
chases the past from his memory.

'Albert,' said the lady, 'thou art
silent, thou art sad.'

'It is the excess of my happiness has
made me silent,' he replies; 'the heart
over-burdened with joy finds no words
strong enough to express its feelings—
therefore, I am silent. Let your highness
prove me.' 'Highness,' she exclaims,
'what a cold and formal word! I am a
novice in these matters, but I fear thou
lovest another; if it is so, do not deceive
me, Albert.' 'I swear by all on earth
and in Heaven, dearest Sophia, I never
loved but thee.' 'And thou hast never
loved another?' she says, inquiringly.
'Never,' he boldly replies; 'where could
I find one to equal thee? And no passing
fancy then has ever filled thy heart?
false thou never wouldst be, I well know.'

She gently whispers. 'For a moment he
is silent, but the stake was great, and he
must throw boldly—I have never loved
but thee, Sophia,' he replies. 'Albert,'
sighs the wind; why does the young man
start? 'The voice of the wind sounds
sweet and low, like a voice he has heard
before in a distant land. Why should
that voice come to trouble his happiness?
to thwart the triumph of his ambition?'
On returning to the ball-room, the prin-
cess's eyes rest on a ring which Albert
wears on his finger. 'What a beautiful
ring,' she exclaims, 'a dove holding in its
mouth a sprig of forget-me-not.' 'Pale
and agitated, he begs her acceptance of it,
and lastly striving to draw it from his
finger it breaks, and the pieces fall to the
floor and cannot be recovered.

'Poor Albert,' sighed the wind.
The morning dawn near and the lovers
parted. Sophia left the hall with her
train of attendants, and Albert listened to
his heart's tumult. He felt that the dove
which he had given her, and which she had
broken, was a symbol of his own heart.
He felt that the dove which he had given
her, and which she had broken, was a sym-
bol of his own heart.

It was the clear cold sunset of a winter's
day, the ground hidden by a mantle of
snow; the sea, turbid and dark, threw up
small billows, and boomed and moaned in
the distance. A traveler walking at a
brisk pace over the crisp ground arrested
his steps at the sound of a convent bell,
and listened and looked around. A peasant
who had stopped to repeat his prayers
drew near as if to reply to any inquiries
the traveler might make.

'Is there a convent in this neighbor-
hood?' asked the stranger. 'I was not
aware of it.' 'O yes,' replied the man,
'these lands and that same old castle be-
long to the Holy Church; they have all
been bestowed by the poor countess for
masses to save the soul of the lady Agnes.'
'What is she dead?' inquired the stran-
ger. 'Yes,' answered the man, 'and the
masses that have been said for her are
past all reckoning. She was young and
beautiful, yet dark indeed in her doom—
the knight she loved had bargained with
the evil one, and he was waiting for
her soul. They say she refused the rites
of the Holy Church, and so died without
grace. The poor countess passes all her
time in prayer and penance, and has be-
stowed all her property on the convent
which was erected by her.'

The iron had entered Albert's soul.
Vain are now his hopes that a pardon from
the lips of his still loved Agnes would
soothe the stings of conscience and restore
him to peace. A vision haunts his mem-
ory, his Agnes as she was, as she is now.
A vision floats before him in the courtly
hall; in the silent night; in the gay dance
in the hour of solitude; at the banquet,
and on the bed of sickness. That vision
is bent; the hair is grey; a sheet envelopes
the form; the feet are bare and walk over
the frozen snow. It is the broken-hearted
countess, the mother of his Agnes, as he
last saw her on that sad winter evening.
The height of his ambition, the position he
had lost, his charm, and years after, when
he looked on his daughter growing up
gracefully around him, he trembled, lest
the curse due to his crime, should light

on those who are to come after him. He
knows that masses or prayers will not help
the dead; and he cannot banish the fear
that the sin which hangs so like a burden
upon his soul, will not only become him
of comfort in his dying hour, but leave his
bitter fruits in the misery of those fair
girls, like the Agnes whom he betrayed.

THE EMIGRANT'S SABBATH.

BY DAVID STONE.

'Ho! for the west! What a thrill of
emotion this cry still sends through the
heart! How it stirs the current of blood
in the most sluggish veins! All the sto-
ries we have heard of Indian warfare, and
border cruelties; of struggles with the
bear, the panther, or the buffalo; of pa-
tient, heroic endurance, of gnawing hun-
ger; of midnight alarms, or fierce encoun-
ters in the thick woods; of days and nights
of weary wandering on the trackless prairie
without a guide or compass; of the log
house—the little clearing first by the bub-
bling spring—the first years of destitu-
tion—and the comfort and plenty which
an earnest faith and a stout arm won for
the hardy pioneer—all these crowd upon
our fancy as we see the emigrant with his
face resolutely turned towards the setting
sun. It is natural for the young whose
family ties are broken, or whose home-
steads are so filled with fresh comers, that
a part must swarm, to seek a new home
upon the rich soil of the West. Some
who feel the restraints of society in older
settlements, or who are naturally restless,
and ill at ease in quiet communities, are
very likely, too, in changing their home,
to seek the greater freedom, or the more
exciting novelty of western life. But
when plain John Dutton, who had spent
his whole life, boy and man, for three
score years, upon a single farm in old
Connecticut, announced his determination
to seek the new land of promise in the
Mississippi valley, the village vocabulary
of exclamations was exhausted, and his
neighbors all declared that they 'could not
get over it.' Many sage proverbs were
quoted about 'transplanting old trees,' and
every oracle in the village uttered ominous
sentences of condemnation, but John was
not to be moved from his purpose. He
was a stern, inflexible man, who had, as
far as any opposition from his family was
concerned, enjoyed his own way in life.
until he had come to regard his own will
as the law of his household. He was a
pious man, but he lacked the simple-heart-
edness which enjoys the gospel in this life.
He was converted the year he attained his
majority, when the temptations to gaiety
were strong about him, and in steeling his
heart against these, he had overlaid it with
the unyielding metal, until its firmness
partook of the obduracy which comes in
sharp contrast with all the roughnesses of
the way, only to harden it the more against
the sweet courtesies of life. He had dis-
covered the broken law at the foot of Sinai,
and had gone to Calvary with the thunders
still ringing in his ears, so that he seemed
never to have heard any gentler pleadings
of the voice of mercy. He had two chil-
dren, a son and daughter. The former re-
sembled him somewhat in disposition, and
of two such unsocial tempers, as might be
expected, did not produce the fruits of
peace. The father was ever bent on curb-
ing his stubborn child, while the son,
whose voice of gentleness could have
nerved at once into contention, only hard-
ened his heart under rebuke. To make
the matter worse, as the son grew toward
manhood, his mother died, and there was
no one to mediate between him and his
stubborn father. No one but Grace, his
gentle sister, and she was so timid that her
father's severe manner quite overawed her.
Robert grew to seventeen under his father's
rule, when a severe and unjust rebuke
passed between the parent and son, a
quarrel, that drove the latter from his
home. He had asserted his independence,
and his father had bidden him to seek it,
and his own living at the same time.
With fiery determination, the young man
strode from his home, with his whole
paraphernalia in a small bundle under his
arm. Grace wept many tears at her brother's
departure, but the old man never alter-
ed an expression of his countenance, or
betrayed the slightest emotion. Every
one spoke of Robert as having 'gone to sea.'
Why he should become a sailor no one
could explain, but several of the neigh-
bors had dim remembrances of his having
threatened to run off upon the water in
some of his former rebellions against pa-
ternal discipline; and as boys of ungovern-
able temper who spurn domestic control,
are supposed to have that peculiar pre-dis-
position for the galleys which insures
against drowning, he was by unreasoning
consent assigned to the dominions of Nep-
tune. The years stole on, and no word
came of the absent one, but his name was
seldom mentioned in his childhood's home.
John Dutton never spoke of him except
with a harsh epithet for his contumacy,
and an avowed determination never again
to receive him as a son, and poor Grace
soon had troubles enough of her own.
Her lovely face, gentle manner, and sweet
Christian temper, set off in such striking
relief by contrast with her father's stern-
ness, made her the most attractive maiden
in the village, and many a gallant young
lover ventured to woo her. To all she
had the same word of reply—she could not
leave her father. She performed with her
own hands every household duty, and
was the only ray of sunshine in that win-
try home. Her father loved her intensely,
in his cold way, but his manner was so
forbidding, she had never nestled in his
bosom, and her affection for him was deep-
ly mingled with a full share of filial fear.
No wonder that he frowned upon every at-
tempt to win his daughter from his home,
and no wonder, either, that she was at
last won to love another. The creeping
tendrils of her heart—that yearning affec-
tion which longed for an object to which
it might cling—when the object was at
last revealed, asserted their strength, and
prevailed over her natural timidity. At
last her father yielded, and she was wedded

to a condition that she should not desert the
paternal roof. Her husband came to live
with her, and the trio were far more uni-
ted than could have been expected. The
new member of the family was possessed
of a pleasant disposition, and had a special
dislike to an argument, so that John Dut-
ton's will was still paramount in his home.
Henry Wheeler, the son-in-law, took
hold of the little farm with the old man,
and the world prospered with them. Two
beautiful children, the eldest a boy which
strongly resembled his father, and a daugh-
ter, a second Grace, who bore the impress
of her mother's gentle temper, were added
to the household group, but nothing was
still heard of the absent Robert. Grace
had desired to name her eldest after the
wanderer, but her father resolutely op-
posed it, and so she gave up this cherished
desire of her heart.

But we left John Dutton fixed in a pur-
pose to move to the West, and this was it
we are just coming to. Every New Eng-
lander remembers the first year of the po-
tato famine. How sadly the unexpected
blight came upon the farmer's hopes, at a
time when many were depending upon this
crop for all the year's ready money. It
had become a favorite crop with Dutton,
and he was bitterly tried with this disap-
pointment. He was too well rooted in
Christian principle to utter any murmur
against Providence, but his heart grew all
the harder and his manner sterner under
this rebuke. He was not of a hopeful
temperament, and could see no relief in
the future, so he suddenly resolved to sell
out his farm, and enter upon a new life
in the western wilderness. His resolve
was speedily executed. Providing him-
self with a stout, covered wagon, and
equipped with the brief outfit for a pio-
ner's cabin, he resolutely started for his
new home. No moisture dimmed his eye
as he crossed for the last time the thresh-
old which habit, if nothing else must
have endeared to him. His heart seemed
either a sealed fountain, or a desert well
long since dried.

It was the first Sabbath under the sky
they had chosen for their new residence in
the Mississippi valley. Most of the 'quar-
ter-section' he had bought was prairie, but
there were upon it scattered patches of
woodland, and under the shade of one of
the mightiest of the old monarch trees,
John Dutton had driven his wagon, which
served for the family tent. They had ar-
rived upon the last day of the week, and
the Sabbath was the first day which dawned
upon them in that far-off home.
John Dutton was up with the dawn,
and going out from his forest shade, he
stood alone upon the wide prairie. Far
as the eye could see rolled the vast plain,
without a mark save its wave-like ridges,
and here and there a billowy knoll John
Dutton had at last escaped from Sinai! He
had carried in his ear and in his heart
since his twenty-first birthday, the flash-
ing fires threatening thunders of that aw-
ful mountain, and now for the first time
in all these years he could not hear that
terrible echo. It had died away into faint
murmurings about that far-reaching level,
and in its place Silence crept into his soul
like a real presence. In that solemn sil-
ence he could hear the clanking of the
chain, he could hear the faint calling of
his own heart, and he felt the calling of
many years. In that silence old mem-
ories came whispering to him, and though
he spoke faintly as if afraid of his unwar-
anted tenderness, he listened to them as
to new friends. With these old mem-
ories came self-accusations—not with clamor-
ous tongue, else had the chain been broken—
but with simple questionings, made every
audible in that unworldly stillness, and
which said reproachful looks, uttered
much that could not be said in words.
He thought of his son, and he could hear
in that mysterious silence the voice of
nature pleading for a living answer; and
when he tried to drown these gentle words
with stern rebukes, he could not over-
come the spell of silence which was upon him.
He did not yet weep, but his stern heart
was softened. He went back to his little
family group, and, seating himself on the
trunk of a fallen tree, opened the Bible for
morning prayers. He finished reading,
and briefly, as was his wont, he led the
morning devotions, but there was an un-
usual pathos in that dry and sterile voice.
As these services were ended, a stranger
drew nigh their little tent. Nero, the
old guard of the household, stretched his
nose in the direction of the new-comer,
gave a low whine, and relapsed again into
forgetfulness. The stranger joined them
and greeting them with blunt courtesy, af-
ter the manner of the region, seated himself
and began conversation. Why do the
hands of the old man shake so nervously
as he grasps his spectacles in their bony
fingers? Why does the countenance of
the wife and mother grow sickly pale, so
that her two children gaze upon her with
affright? Why turns Henry Wheeler from
the open wagon to catch the familiar
tones? Yes, it is the long-lost son, the
wanderer Robert. The sea he had chosen
for his home, was that western expanse,
whose awful silence had so tortured the
heart of the stern father that he could
clasp his son to his arms without rebuke.
The broken links were again reunited,
but this time Love fastened the chain,
and the iron rule became a golden sceptre.
Then the eyes of John Dutton knew first,
for many years, the luxury of tears, and
the fountain in his heart was unsealed, or
filled afresh from the well of Life. His
hair had even then blossomed for the tomb,
and now as years draw on, his step falters,
and his sight is dim, but he delights still
to lean in loving confidence upon his re-
covered son, and tell to his grand-child-
ren the story of the EMIGRANT'S SABBATH.

'An old maid is an odd body, of
no use without its fellow.'

'Jokes, cayenne of conversation,
and the salt of life.'

'Laziness travels so slowly that
poverty soon overtakes her.'

What a Pair of Andirons Cost.

'Peter said my uncle, knocking the
ashes from his pipe, and leaning it on the
corner of the shelf, and then fixing his
eyes on the andirons. 'Peter, those and-
irons cost me one thousand dollars.'
'Dear me!' exclaimed my aunt.
'Oh, father,' cried the girls.
'Impossible!' said I.
'True, every word true. One thou-
sand did I say?—yes, two thousand—full
two thousand dollars.'

'Well, well, said my aunt, folding up
her knitting for the night, 'I should like
to know what you are talking about.'
My uncle bent forward, and planting
his hands firmly on his parted knees, and
with a deliberate air, which showed no
doubt of his being able to prove his asser-
tion, he began:

'Well, you see, a good many years ago,
we had a pair of common old andirons.
Your cousin Letty says one day, 'Father,
don't you think these old andirons are get-
ting too shabby?' Shabby or not, I
thought they would hold the wood up as
nicely as if they were made of gold. Soon
after that, Peter, continued, my uncle,
'your aunt took it up.'

'There it goes,' interrupted my aunt.
'You can't get along without dragging me
in.' 'Your aunt took it up, Peter, and she
said, 'our neighbors could afford brass
andirons, and they were no better off than
we were.' And she said, Letty and her
sister Jane were just getting old enough
to see company, and the stinky looking
andirons might hurt their market. I
knew that women will have their own way,
and there is no use in objecting and so I
got the andirons.'

'The price of them was four dollars and
a half.'

'Ah, that's more like it,' cried my aunt.
'I thought you said two thousand dollars?'
'My dear, I wish you would not inter-
rupt me. Four and a half. Well, the
first night we had got them, as we all sat
by the warm fire talking over the matter,
Letty called my attention to the hearth,
the stones of which were cracked and un-
even. The hearth was entirely out of
keeping with the new andirons, and I
thought I might as well have it replaced
as fast as last. The next day a mason was
sent for to examine it. He came in my
absence, and when I returned home, your
aunt and cousin all beset me at once to
have a marble slab, and they put their
heads together.'

'La me!' exclaimed my aunt, 'there
was no putting heads together about it.
The hearth was a real old worn out thing,
not fit for a pig pen.'

'They put their heads together, Peter, as
I was saying, and continued till I got a
marble hearth, which cost me twenty dol-
lars—yes, twenty dollars, at least. Then
I thought I was done with expenses, but I
was wrong. Soon I began to hear silly
bits thrown out about the brick work
around the fire-place not corresponding
with the hearth. I stood out a moment or
two against your aunt and the girls, but
they at length got the better of me, and I
was forced to have marble instead of brick.
And then the old wooden mantel-piece was
so out of character that it was necessary to
have a marble one. The cost of all this
was nearly one hundred dollars. And
now that the spirit of improvement had
got a start, there was no stopping. The
new marble mantle put to shame the old
whitewashed walls, and they must be painted,
of course, and to prepare them for
paint, sundry repairs were necessary.—
While this was going on, your aunt and
the girls appeared to be quite satisfied,
and when it was done, they had no idea
that the old parlor could be made to look
so spruce. But this was only a short re-
spite. The old rug carpet began to raise
a dust, and I found there would be no
peace.'

'Now, my dear,' said the old lady,
with a pleasing smile, accompanied with
a partial rotation of the head—

'N. W. father!' exclaimed the girls—

'Till I got a new carpet. That, again,
shamed the old furniture, and it had to be
turned out and replaced with new. Now,
Peter, count up my lad—twenty dollars
for the hearth, and one hundred and thirty
for the mantle-piece and repairs. What
does that make?'

'One hundred and fifty, uncle.'

'Well, fifty for paper and paint?'

'Two hundred.'

'Then fifty for a carpet, and one hun-
dred at least for furniture—'

'Three hundred and fifty.'

'Ahem! There's that clock, too, and
the blinds—fifty more—'

'Four hundred, exactly.'

My aunt and cousins winked at each
other.

'Now,' continued my uncle, 'so much
for this one room. No sooner was the
room finished, than the complaints came
from all quarters, about the dining room
and entry. Long before this I had sur-
rendered at discretion, and handed in my
submission. The dining room cost two
hundred more. What does that count-
up to?'

'Eight hundred, uncle.'

'Then the chambers—at least four hun-
dred to make them chime with the down
stairs.'

'Twelve hundred.'

'The outside of the house had to be re-
paired and painted of course. Add two
hundred for that?'

'Fourteen hundred.'

'Sixteen hundred.'

Here aunt began to yawn. Letty to
poke the fire, and Jane to twirl over the
leaves of a book. 'A new carriage came
next, Peter; that cost two hundred dollars.'

'Eighteen hundred dollars.'

'Then there was a lawn to be laid out
and neatly fenced—a servant to be hired—
and parties given occasionally—bonnets and
dresses at double the former cost, and a
hundred other little expenses in keeping
with the new order of things. Yes, Peter,
I was entirely within the bounds when I
said two thousand dollars.'

The opposition was silent. My aunt
immediately rose and guessed it was bed-
time. I was left alone with my uncle.

who was not inclined to drop the subject.
He was a persevering man, and never
gave up what he undertook, till he had
done the work thoroughly. So he brought
out his books and accounts, and set about
making an exact estimate of the expenses.
He kept me up till after midnight, before
he got through. His conclusion was, that
the pair of andirons cost him twenty-four
hundred and fifty dollars.

WOMAN'S DUTY TO LOOK PRETTY.

'A French author has recently written
a book on 'The Duty of a Pretty Woman
to look Pretty.' Such a work, doubtless,
has its uses; but it is of limited applica-
tion. We should have rejoiced in a title of more
extended significance, with contents corre-
sponding to the title. The subject should
have been, in effect—word it as you may—
the duty of every woman to look as pretty
as she can. Some women are unfortu-
nately not pretty; but there are few women
who cannot

SKIES BRIGHT AND BRIGHTENING.

These were in the old party days of Virginia, the cheering cry that over and anon rang from the lips of the veteran leader of a great political party, and thrilled with new life and animation, the bosoms of the most dejected and desponding. It was a more hopeful and assuring cry than the "all is well" of the sentry, as he paces his lonely round and watches over the safety of the camp. For, no matter whether danger were near or far off, the buoyant soul of the veteran could discover no danger, and he imparted his own sanguine and confident spirit to his followers. The "skies" might in point of fact be anything but "bright," they might be covered with the blackest thunder cloud and be pouring down rain, hail and lightning; there might be, in fact, an onrushing flood, with scarcely the top of an Arrarat visible over the waters, yet still the cry was "Skies Bright and Brightening." Nor was this the mere device of a sagacious political leader; it was the utterance of a soul whose "skies" were always "bright and brightening," which was never affected by the gloom or storm of the outward atmosphere, but, amidst all vicissitudes of weather, remained calm, serene and spring-like. There are few persons in Virginia who do not remember the buoyant and elastic manner in which the distinguished personage to whom we have referred, rallied under the crushing avalanche of the great Harrison victory of 1840.

Throughout almost the whole Union, the Democratic party was overwhelmed and seemingly annihilated. The strongest Democratic States had gone down before the whirlwind. Harrison had received such a majority as no American President had ever received before. As the news of defeat came in from every quarter, multitudes of despairing Democrats were pining in their homes, and many a man who had been a leader of the party, was now a broken and discouraged man. He could no longer look forward with an eye as sparkling and a step as elastic as ever, and "Skies bright and brightening" once more issued in cheering tones from his lips.

What a blessing would such a spirit be to men in all pursuits and conditions of life! How much happier and better would men be if they could always train themselves to look on the bright side! What though pecuniary reverses come—nothing is to be gained by despondency and inaction; let your motto be "Skies bright and brightening," and the clouds will soon pass away and better days will dawn. Philanthropist, laboring for the good of your race, be not disheartened by the evils and woes that accumulate as you proceed, and the misconstructions that are put upon your conduct and motives; do not despair; the skies will brighten, if you will but struggle on. Patriot, loving your country with a pure and honest love, but discouraged and almost dismayed by the evils and horrors which the corrupt ambition of selfish men threaten to bring upon her—look upwards—the stars of the confederacy are still moving in harmony, and if the good men and true of the land "never despair of the Republic," the skies will soon be "bright and brightening." Old men, to whom the world has lost its freshness, whose early friends and associates are dead, whose cherished plans have been disappointed, whose future is darkened by the shadows of the grave—"hope on, hope on"—they are but clouds that hang over our horizon, and behind them the eye of Faith beholds "Skies bright and brightening."

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM.

Do not the following noble sentiments of Webster rise far above the miserable, narrow, and bigoted policy of modern advocates of religious intolerance and persecution? How can the old admirers of the eagle-like Webster thrust him aside and listen to the wretched croakings of the "night-raven of Jesuitism," the present Know-Nothing Secret party? We find the following in the Norfolk Argus:

It seems to be the American destiny, the mission which has been entrusted to us here on this shore of the Atlantic, the great conception and the great duty to which we are born, to show that all sects and all denominations, professing reverence for the authority of the author of our being and belief in his revelations, may be safely tolerated without prejudice either to our religion or our liberties.

We are Protestants generally speaking, but you all know that there presides at the head of the Supreme Judiciary of the United States, a Roman Catholic; and no man, I suppose, through the whole United States, imagines that the judiciary is less safe; that the administration of public justice is less respectable or less secure, because the Chief Justice of the United States has been, and is, a firm adherent of that religion. And so it is in every department of society amongst us.

In both houses of Congress, in all public offices, we proceed on the idea that a man's religious belief is a matter above human law; that is a question to be settled between him and his Maker, because he is responsible to none but his Maker for adopting or rejecting revealed truth.

And here is the great distinction which is sometimes overlooked, and which I am afraid is now too often overlooked, in New England, the glorious inheritance of the sons of the Pilgrims.

Mon, for their religious sentiments, are accountable to God, and to God only.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

We saw a strange traveling arrangement in the street Wednesday, consisting of a vehicle, or chair on wheels, somewhat resembling a velocipede; the motive power, residing in the carcass of a big fat goat was hitched behind, and pushed its own and its master's way through the world, affording conclusive evidence that nothing was made in vain, the tendency of the goat to push with the head being evidently designed to qualify it for this class of service.

A NOBLE PLEADER.—In Sullivan county, Ia., one of the candidates for county clerk was pleading to give one-half the proceeds of the office to the widow of the late clerk, and the other promised in the event of his election to marry the widow.

"You want a foggin, that's what you want," said a parent to his unruly son.

"I know it, dad, but I'll try to get along without it," said the brat.

Democratic Pioneer.



TUESDAY MORNING, APRIL 24, 1855.

ATTENTION DEMOCRATS!

There will be a meeting of the Democrats of Pasquotank county at the Court-house in Elizabeth City, to-day (TUESDAY) at 1 o'clock, for the purpose of appointing delegates to the Gatesville Convention. It is hoped that every Democrat who may be in town will attend the meeting.

THE FAIR!

The ladies connected with the Episcopal Church of this Town opened their Fair last evening in the new store of Thomas R. Cobb, and spread out before the public a most attractive display of useful and ornamental articles. Exquisite taste has been displayed by the ladies in getting up these articles, and those desirous of aiding them in their efforts and of purchasing something neat and elegant will do well to call in and see them.

The entire department is most admirably represented by every delicacy which the taste of an epicure can desire. A dinner will be served up by the ladies to-day at 1 o'clock, and our Town and country friends who wish a good supply of creature comforts will find it to their interest to pay a visit to the Fair between the hours of 1 and 3 o'clock, P. M. The Fair will continue to-night and to-morrow.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—We invite particular attention to the new advertisements in today's Pioneer. Messrs Knox & Jackson have laid in a most complete stock of Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Gaiters, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, &c., which they are selling off at moderate profits. Mrs. Margaret Casey has just returned from the North with a handsome assortment of Bonnets &c., which she offers to the ladies on moderate terms. Until her store is fitted up, (which will be during the last of the present week) she may be found at the residence of Capt. Albert Curran, immediately in rear of the Farmers' Bank.

JONES & BERT.—These gentlemen have taken the stand formerly occupied by Robert Watkins, and are prepared to do all kinds of work in their line (coach making and repairing) at the shortest notice and on the most agreeable terms. Their stock of harnesses, saddles, whips, &c., will compare favorably with any similar establishment in the District of Edenton—Jones & Bert are go-ahead men, and are always up for a trade. Their motto is, "Push along keep moving."

The "Sentinel" is evidently hard up for a leader, and in the absence of anything better to employ his time, the editor imagines all sorts of propositions, saddles us with their paternity, and then in the most laborious attempts to be witty, sets to work to demolish them. He says he is "wonderfully struck with the 'sudden religious' inclination of the 'Pioneer.'" Well, now we don't know who could have fang such a "whisk" into the Sentinel's head.

Again: "We do not accept the offer of the 'Pioneer' to be our tutor in morals." Now if we ever offered to become the tutor of the Sentinel editor in anything, we are entirely ignorant of the fact. There are some who are given over to hardness of heart and utter perverseness of nature.—We can be more profitably employed than in tutoring the editor of the Sentinel.

The so-called American Party of Cincinnati have met and passed resolutions denouncing the recent outrage in that city and disclaiming "all knowledge and agency in these acts of violence, and condemn them in the most unqualified terms." This is rich. They join in the cry of "stop thief," in order to divert attention from themselves. Commit murder and then suddenly appear with a jury of inquest, and with sanctified faces render a verdict of denunciation against the perpetrators of the diabolical deed. Stab a man in the back, and then propose to aid him in searching out his assailant. Fix upon such corruption!

No, so, it ain't a Whig concern.—In the First Congressional District in Virginia the Know-Nothing have nominated Capt. Samuel Watts in opposition to the Hon. John S. Millson. In Norfolk, Princes Anne, Nansemond, and every other county in Eastern Virginia where nominations have been made by that party, Whigs have been selected. Still it is not a Whig movement. Certainly not. It is all a mere accident that they happen to stumble upon Whigs more suitable for the several offices.

A CUBER AMBITION.—We read and hear every day of some man who has been so remarkably successful as to die worth a million, and so on. We don't see the beauty of the thing. We don't think it makes much difference to a dying man whether he is worth a million or not. We should like to be worth considerable, and enjoy it. What's the use of dying worth a million?—*Wilmington Journal.*

IS IT A WHIG TRICK?

We, in common with nearly the entire Democratic press of the country, have warned the members of our party against the advances of the Know-Nothing, as the resort of a defeated and desperate political organization, known in other days first as the Royalists, then as the Tories, then as the Federalists, then as Whigs, and now as the self-styled Native Americans. We have denounced it from first to last as a "Whig trick," and each day but serves to strengthen us in the estimate we have placed upon its real character.

In the North we have seen national conservative Democrats—men whose fealty to the Constitution and laws, was only equalled by their devotion to the great principles of American Independence—ostracized from places of high trust and honor to make room for partisan gamblers, who, having bartered every political principle upon which they hoped to ride into power, for the miserable pittance of a handful of crazy supporters, now seek to accomplish their fell designs through the agency of an organization, which, if successful, must trace its triumphs in the ruins of the Constitution and the destruction of civil and religious liberty.

Everywhere that elections have been held since the birth of this new party, with but few exceptions, the Democracy, who have in every instance nominated a regular ticket, have been defeated. Now the question is, if this movement be not a Whig trick, and the scheme of Whig politics to get into power, who defeated the Democracy? It cannot be laid at the door of the American party proper: for outside of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, they have never had strength enough to carry even a municipal election. Then who defeated the Democracy? The question may be answered by asking another, the reply to which solves the whole mystery of our recent defeat:—It is this: *Where is the Whig party?* We answer—in the bosom of Know-Nothingism, if not sitting in secret conclave with that unpatriotic body burning the midnight oil in discussing plans of party warfare, at least meeting them at the polls and casting a common vote uniformly against the Democracy.

True, there are a few honorable exceptions; but the instances are most rare in which we find those who have acted with the old Whig party refusing to follow the great mass of that once proud organization into the caverns of Know-Nothingism. We repeat, the great body of the Whig party have gone over to the new Order. (We make no discrimination between actual members and sympathizers,) but we are also proud to say, that the soul of that chivalric old party revolts at the contamination—that the men of principle have announced their determination to associate with a party of principle, and that henceforth they will be found in the ranks of the Democracy.

But again. If it be not a Whig movement, what has become of the Whig party? Why is it that we have no Whig nominations now-a-days? Why is it that in Kentucky and Virginia we have no Whig nominations for State officers? Say the defenders of Know-Nothingism, that party is dead. Well, how dead? Have its individual members died the great death of nature and actually ceased to breathe? If not, they still live and act politically in some form or other. Now the question is, who do they co-operate with? Certainly not with the Democratic party of those States, for if they did there would be a mighty slin showing for the Know-Nothing, we think; and yet the Whigs—or those who used to be—

are crowding over the anticipated defeat of Henry A. Wise in May next. If he is defeated, they will be accomplished, if we tell you. It will be accomplished, if at all, by this same old com, through the agency of its new medium, the Know-Nothing organization, into which it has resolved itself totally, and it will be a triumph of Whiggery over Democracy.

In view of these facts, we earnestly appeal to Democrats to look well to this snare set by their ancient enemies to entrap the unsuspecting, and implore them to be vigilant in exposing the trick.

THE LANGUAGE OF WASHINGTON

The recent scenes of effigy-burning and riot recall a reminiscence. During the first campaign of the revolution some of the camp-followers of the American army entered into a design that called out the following order, which may be found entered in Washington's "Orderly Book":

"NOVEMBER 5, 1775.—As the commander-in-chief has been apprised of a design for the observance of that ridiculous and childish custom of burning the effigy of the Pope, he cannot help expressing his surprise that there should be officers and soldiers in this army so void of common sense as not to see the impropriety of such a step at this juncture—at a time when we are solicited, and have really obtained the friendship and alliance of the people of Canada, whom we ought to consider as brethren embarked in the same cause—the defence of the general liberty of America. At such a juncture, and in such circumstances, to be insulting their religion, is so monstrous as not to be suffered or excused; indeed, instead of offering the most remote insult, it is our duty to express public thanks to these our brethren, as to them we are indebted for every late happy success over the common enemy in Canada."

At a political festival in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, Mr. Burlingame, a distinguished Know-Nothing of Massachusetts, member elect of the next Congress, after denouncing slavery and slaveholders in the strongest terms, concluded his speech with the following sentiment:—
"Sam and Sambo! May love for the one not cause us to do injustice to the other."

VALENTINE HECHLER.

It is an old adage—"you must fight the devil with fire," and the precious band of patriots styling themselves "Native Americans" are acting up to it in good earnest. Recently they made a descent upon the slaughter-pen of the above celebrity, (Hechler is a butcher, and it is said can bleed a sheep or reard a hog equal to the most learned of his profession) as vulgar a specimen of Dutchdom as ever abjured the realm of Fader Land, and demanded of him his views of "De Know-Notings." At once Hechler dropped his sheath-knife, kicked the bull-ring to one side, threw off the old bed-kick apron, all besmeared with the blood of a freshly slaughtered pig, and with a short Dutch pipe in his mouth, began:—

"Shentlemens, ven I comes to dis country I comes for de reason dat I dinks I make more monish. I do not vant office, because I am not fit to haf office. If I peen fit to haf office, I would not haf comes to dis country. I peen one Wig ever since I comes to dis country, because I dinks de Wigs is in fafor of perfecting me (here he gave a very consequential puff, not the most agreeable to the all-factories of the natives) in mine work, and dey pe not agoin to perfect de damned Germans vat is in Garmany. Druu, shentlemens, I hab never peen axed for to take von office, put for dis I am ver glad, as I should pe compelt to decline de honor, not I durt, shentlemens, de object of your visit to mine slaughter pen ish not for de purpose of forcing upon me de honors of de State. (Another satisfactory whiff.) Dus, you see, shentlemens, I ish von Know-Nothing. Pesites, I peen tree times ruint here—twice py fire and once py roppery, and ever times de Wigs and de Denkrats helps me; put I no git von cent from taun forriners. Dis is vy I pe a Know-Nothing. Den dare is de Catolicks. I pe goin to Palmiron von time along wid Misher Miller, and he take me to see de 'Elephant.' He was von pig Elephant—pig as life. It was von Garmen Catolick Priest; he peen haf all de time in his hand von noospaper and he preach noting but politics. Dis, shentlemens, is my story, and dis ish vy I ish a Know-Nothing."

The gentlemen declared themselves perfectly satisfied (we suppose, or Valentine would have taken it amiss) withdrew, and after a brief space returned with a whole budget of fools-cap, and procured Valentine's signature to the same, of which the above is a fair synopsis.

VESPASIAN ELLIS, Esq.—This gentleman, who is the editor of the American Organ, has made himself very busy about the Virginia elections. The "Enquirer" warned him that if he persisted in his unprincipled course of vituperation and misrepresentation, it would expose his past unbecomable, not to say disreputable career, both as a man and a politician. Plucking up a little forced courage, the Organ defies the exposure of the Enquirer, whereupon that sterling old journal brings to light facts touching a certain business transaction, which would certainly not have injured Mr. Ellis's moral reputation by remaining hidden from the public. Mr. Ellis defends himself in an article covering three columns of his paper, in which he fails in making out a clear case. He admits that he was expelled from the Masonic Lodge in Manchester, Va., on the charge of actual fraud. Mr. Ellis says:—

"The moment we heard of the expulsion, we returned home from Alabama (800 miles) to Virginia, on horseback, and demanded an investigation. Finding an amount of prejudice existing against us in Manchester Lodge, which we could not then overcome, we appealed to the District deputy grand master, (Mr. John Dove, of Richmond,) who organized an appellate tribunal, or commission of seven Past Master Masons, to hear the appeal. Of this tribunal the lamented Judge Upshur was a member, with whom we then formed an acquaintance, which resulted in a permanent friendship, of which we have many written proofs in his correspondence. The appellate tribunal reversed the decision of Manchester Lodge, on a point of Masonic law. We were then again summoned before it, on the same charges."

DEMOCRACY.—The following eloquent and deserved tribute to the democratic party, we clip from a late number of the Ohio Statesman:

"The Democratic party cannot die—its men may be defeated for a thousand causes that occur in the political elements of the country—its principles may be condemned—its very existence may be considered in jeopardy—but die it cannot while there is a people to think, to speak, to write. Every element in our political organization may change—constitutions may crumble—revolution may follow revolution—party names may rise one day to be buried the next—but the great principles of self-preservation opposed to bad principles, bad government, and bad men, will endure, whether in power or out of power, in triumph or in defeat, in prosperity or in adversity. Was there any die in the principles around which Democrats rally as a party basis, its extinction would long since have taken place 'for good,' and kings and crowns would beat ease forever from so dangerous element."

Hon. Geo. Bancroft was in Raleigh, on Friday last, on his return from a tour through Florida, South Carolina, Charlotte, Salisbury, Greensboro, and Hillsboro. The Standard relates that he evinced a deep interest in Charlotte, as the spot from which the first declaration of American independence was sent forth to the world; and that he visited and spent some time on the battle-field of Guilford Court-house, near Greensborough. He was anxious to visit the University, and to pay his respects to Gov. Swain and others of the Faculty, but was compelled by want of time, to forego this gratification.

Democratic Nomination in Nansemond County, Va.

At a meeting of the Democracy of Nansemond Co., Va. recently held at the Court-house, E. D. B. Howell was selected as the Democratic candidate for the House of Delegates. Capt. Howell announces his acceptance in the following Card, which we clip from the Norfolk Argus. What Capt. Howell says may be relied upon, for we know him well, and a more high-minded, honorable man, is not to be found. We are only surprised that a gentleman of his intelligence and unbending political integrity should have been duped into such an Order, but it will have the effect of materially weakening the Order in Nansemond, as the statement of Mr. Howell will not be gossayed by those who know the man:

At the earnest solicitation of many friends, and by the action of a portion of the Democracy assembled in Convention, I stand before you as the candidate of the Democratic party for the House of Delegates. In doing so, I feel the weighty obligations I have assumed in accepting the nomination, and the more so at the present juncture in the political affairs of this State. Should it be the pleasure of the people of Nansemond to elect me, it will be my earnest endeavor to represent them faithfully in all State relations, ever carrying out the glorious principles of Democracy.

As the Democratic candidate, it is almost useless to add that I look upon this new secret organization as a clap-net of Whiggery, and dangerous to the principles of our Constitution. When the organization was first started in Nansemond county, by the representation of a great many that the organization was eminently conservative, embracing many of the principles of the Democratic party, and designed as a sort of purifier of the two old parties, I connected myself with it; but how awfully I was deceived! I soon found out that it was nothing more than the "same old con," wrapped in a borrowed skin, and intended as the means to place Whiggery in power. Such is my view of this party; and having always been a Democrat, I lost no time in severing my connection with the order. In this opinion, I am sustained by the numerous letters written by those who have withdrawn themselves from this "cultured Whig party." I now stand forth as a Democrat, who can speak from actual knowledge as to the interests and purposes of this emphatically "Know-Nothing party." Hoping, that my claims will be favorably considered, I am, obediently, yours,

E. D. B. HOWELL.

The Washington Globe republishes Mr. Wise's masterly letter against Know-Nothingism, and says truly that it will be "a sad and ominous day for this country should it unfortunately arrive, on which the nation sanctions the first attempt since the adoption of the Federal Constitution at anything like religious persecution. Let the Roman Catholics be put down. What then? We cannot say, nor can any of the Know-Nothing prophets, if prophets they have among them. But what may happen is this—that three or four of the strong Protestant denominations may combine, and disfranchise and demolish, or absorb all the rest—some twenty or thirty; and then fall out among themselves and carry on the game of the strong oppress the weak until they are all pretty well used up, and the country transformed and deformed into a spiritual and military despotism, or into an anarchy of Socialists, Red Republicans, and Infidels. A Democrat, knowing that we intended to publish Mr. Wise's letter, said to us, "Is it impossible that you can swallow him, well knowing, as you do, his abuse of the Democratic party in days past? To whom he replied, "We will recollect now nothing of his past course, nor will we know any Democratic or Whig party, when the common enemy, the Know-Notings, are in the field. We frankly confess, that if we had been in a convention convened for the purpose of selecting a Democrat to oppose a Whig, we would not have selected Mr. Wise for the standard bearer of Democracy. But, on the other hand, if we had been in the convention which selected Mr. Wise to put down this "new Order," we would have voted for him first and last, and all the time."

A GOOD HIT.—At the festival in New York, of Henry Clay's Birthday, the Rev. Sam. Osgood made the speech on the occasion, in which he raked the secret oath-bound order of Know-Nothingism in the following style:

But in saying that we go for American citizenship, we do not mean to denounce any man. An American is a man who believes in American ideas, no matter what his birth-place may have been and I am one who welcome to our shores every person who is a lover of our liberty and of our laws. (Cheers.) I can never consent to try to piece out the wings of our noble old eagle by any black feathers from the night raven of Jesuitism. (Tremendous cheering.) American citizenship, fair play, no kind of secrecy, no fighting Jesuitism by Jesuitism, but an open field and fair play, and our star-spangled banner for our standard. (Renewed cheering.) Our great orator believed in making America a power of our own.

A handsome young widow applied to a physician to relieve her of three distressing complaints, with which she was afflicted.

"In the first place," said she, "I have little or no appetite. What shall I take for that?"

"For that, madam, you should take air and exercise."

"And, Doctor, I am quite fatigued at night am afraid to lie alone. What shall I take for that?"

"For that, madam, I can only recommend that you take—a husband!"

"Fie! Doctor. But I have the blues terribly. What shall I take for that?"

"For that, madam, you have, besides taking air, exercise, and a husband, to take a newspaper."

"AMERICANS SHALL RULE AMERICA."

This is the deceptive cry of Know-Nothing organs and orators, who would induce the false impression that Americans do not rule America. In the language of the Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser, what would be the impression of a stranger visiting our country at this period, derived from the Know-Nothing press, the Know-Notings in the Legislature and the Halls of Congress, and from the topics of conversation in the hotels, the steam boats, rail road cars, and in the streets? Whatever else might greet his ears and impress his mind, he could not for the life of him receive the conviction that Americans had ceased to rule America—that a foreign invasion had changed the office holders and the law-makers, and that from Maine to Mexico, from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the natives were struggling to regain power and place.

Americans shall rule America!—Americans thoroughly imbued with the true spirit of her institutions—Americans thoroughly taught in the great indestructible principles of the Federal Constitution—Americans fully comprehending the end, scope and beneficial tendency of our political system—conversant with the teachings of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, &c., and ready to defend and perpetuate them in the face of all opposition—Americans, we say who feel able to regulate the Foreign and Catholic elements of the country without disfranchisement and proscription from office. Americans shall rule America! but none of your Follies, Gardner's, Metcalfe, Willsons, Searns, Durkes, Hardens, Trumbulls, nor your preacher politicians, like the three thousand in Massachusetts, protesting against the Nebraska-Kansas bill!—Americans shall rule America! but not such as comprised the Know-Nothing, Dressell, Anti-Slavery Legislatures of Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Michigan, Maine, Connecticut and Rhode Island, whose glory seemed to be to pass acts nullifying a Federal law vital to the perpetuity of the Union, and by instructions to their members of Congress equally as obnoxious to the South.

Americans shall rule America! but none of your intensely sectional and fanatical men who can disgrace and beggar U. S. Commissioners for doing their simple duty under the Constitution; and who can delegate Inquisitors to visit Female Schools, and treat the teachers and the young female students—sick, as well as others—in the most rude, uncouth and shameful manner. Americans should rule America! but none of your new order of politicians, who are willing to "ignore the slavery question"—the only important transcendent question in the country, in order to effect a national organization to supplant a party whose every principle and action are truly conservative, and commend it to the national men of every section?

LEAVING THE CULVERTS.

The Abingdon Democrat, of Saturday last, gives the following facts as evidences of the effect of Mr. Wise's speech in that place the other day:

"We have direct information from three Councils in this county. At the first meeting of one of them after Mr. Wise's speech, every member withdrew but two! From another, fourteen Democrats—who had been inveigled by the assurances of a man that this was a Democratic movement, that he was a Democrat, and had always voted the Democratic ticket, while he is known to have never been anything but a Whig until he joined the Know-Notings—and one Whig, are about to withdraw, if they have not already done so. From another, within this week, eight have withdrawn, six Democrats and two Whigs; and all of them intend voting the Democratic ticket next month."

"Now these are facts, and we are prepared to substantiate them by the best authority. We have the names!"

To the Editors of the Enquirer: HARPER'S FERRY, JEFFERSON CO., April 15th, 1855.

Gentlemen:—I take great pleasure in informing you that fifty more Know-Notings dissolved their connection with the Council at this place on Thursday night last. The regular meetings of the Council had been suspended in order to prevent an opportunity being afforded to those who desired to leave the Order to do so. This suspension was deemed advisable after the panic created in the Order on the previous withdrawal of eighty-odd members. On Thursday last a few of the Know-Nothing leaders determined to have a special meeting only of the faithful on that night, and it was to be kept private; but some of the disaffected got wind that it was to take place, and fifty of them went up and drew out.

The cry of the Know-Nothing press throughout the State that only forty old drew out on a previous occasion is a deceptive falsehood. It is true, only forty old-rigged the card; but there were as many others as would make the amount stated in my last communication who felt a delicacy in having it known that they had ever been connected with so infamous an organization, and therefore did not sign the card.

JEFFERSON.

THE NUNNERY VISITATION.

The extraordinary movement of the Massachusetts Legislature in reference to nunneries and Catholic schools, attracts attention throughout the United States, and is a general topic of newspaper comment. It appears to be universally condemned.—The following remarks are from the New York Commercial Advertiser, a prominent and discreet Protestant journal:

So true is it that "extremes meet," and so true is it that when once men are tempted to infringe, in the slightest degree, perfect freedom of religious opinion, and perfect equality of religiousists, do they enter upon the high road to religious intolerance and persecution.

It is not safe to introduce religious questions into our popular elections, for the moment you make religious majorities in the legislature you practically make religion a State matter, and the majority never resists the temptation of wielding the power of the State for their own elevation and the depression and oppression—in plain English, the persecution—of those of another creed. We shall be glad if the illustration of this truth given by the Massachusetts legislature serves to put American citizens upon their guard in this particular.

THERESULT.

Our readers will bear witness to the fact that we have never filled our columns with the present canvass. It is certainly true that we have never doubted the triumph of Mr. Wise and the "Know-Notings" on the Stanton ticket, but we have never told our readers, and we cannot tell them now, that the result was no longer a doubt, in one of the slightest degree, as we were according to the best lights, and Henry A. Wise will certainly really entertain this opinion. Know-Nothingism is like hollyism. It is only to those afraid of it. The only under the load of the chivalrous not afraid of it. They defend the fraud inflicted from the gates of defiance. A few short months ago he "in the sever," where it once "lifeless and despaired."—*Liquid.*

Read the following from New York Herald, one of the organs of Know Nothing organization:

"The School Question in Massachusetts.—There appears to be some passage, by the new American of the Massachusetts Legislature, providing for the admission into the common school of children of the African race of equal with those of the original Puritans. This for Massachusetts, perhaps, is as much as it is a poor exposure of the comfort to the new American of Virginia. If the Know-Notings North choose to admit white, yellow children upon the common equality into their public schools, from them, or be disbanded. The South can co-operate with the North which attempts to socially or politically, this doctrine of amalgamation. Of late been puzzled to guess, and to know, what is this new American in Massachusetts? They hit legislature with scarcely an opposition against them in either house. The meaning of this new bill, especially reference to the campaign of it a sectional or a national measure of peace or agitation, is not known."

FOLLOWING THE LEAD.

An itinerant preacher recently among the north eastern counties State on an animal whose back he had been very bad keeping—his frame-work of what had once been riding up to the door of a country inn, inquired of the landlord the next town. The host coming so forcibly struck with the animal upon which the preacher that he walked around him twice giving the desired information. "Who might you be, if it's a fact?" "I am a follower of the Lord," answered. "Follerin' the Lord, eh? dem best. Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. (eyeing the horse again) one thing certain—if you stop over road, you'll never catch him without a hoss!"

NORFOLK MARK.

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1855.

BACON—Virginia and North Carolina round to 10c. Antifish Hams 13c. CORN—White 98c Yellow 98c & 28c & 24c. WHEAT—\$1.50; White, \$2.00; Yellow, \$1.80. FLAXSEED—\$1.45. PORK—Mess, \$15. Prime \$12 & 11. STAPLES—W. O. Pipe, \$6.10. W. O. B. C. All transient members of the Order are cordially invited to join with us in celebrating the public generally are invited to attend. W. H. CLARK, W. W. BURGESS, J. JOSE, LAWRENCE, J. Arrangements.

WAIT FOR THE WAGON.

The subscribers would respectfully request the citizens of this and the adjoining counties, that they are prepared to do so. Coach and Harness Work, and Repairing at the old stand formerly occupied by J. Watkins. Being opposed to quack medicines and advertisements, they think a word to the wise is worth a hundred to the foolish. Circulars will be found at our establishment. JONES & BERT.

E. City, April 24, 1855.

NOTICE.

The Eighteenth Anniversary of the F. M. Lodge No. 14, I. O. O. F., will be celebrated on Friday, 10th of May next. Anniversary Address will be delivered by J. W. Hinton, in the Baptist Church, at 10 o'clock, A. M. All transient members of the Order are cordially invited to join with us in celebrating the public generally are invited to attend. W. H. CLARK, W. W. BURGESS, J. JOSE, LAWRENCE, J. Arrangements.

PRINTED LAWS AT HALF-PRICE.

A splendid lot of lowest price of best goods imported from England, at 50 cents, now giving away at 25c. All 25c. cents Laws for 12c. Now is the time to get bargains. The Live Line is the place. JAMES SMITH, No. 50-51 N. E. City.

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